

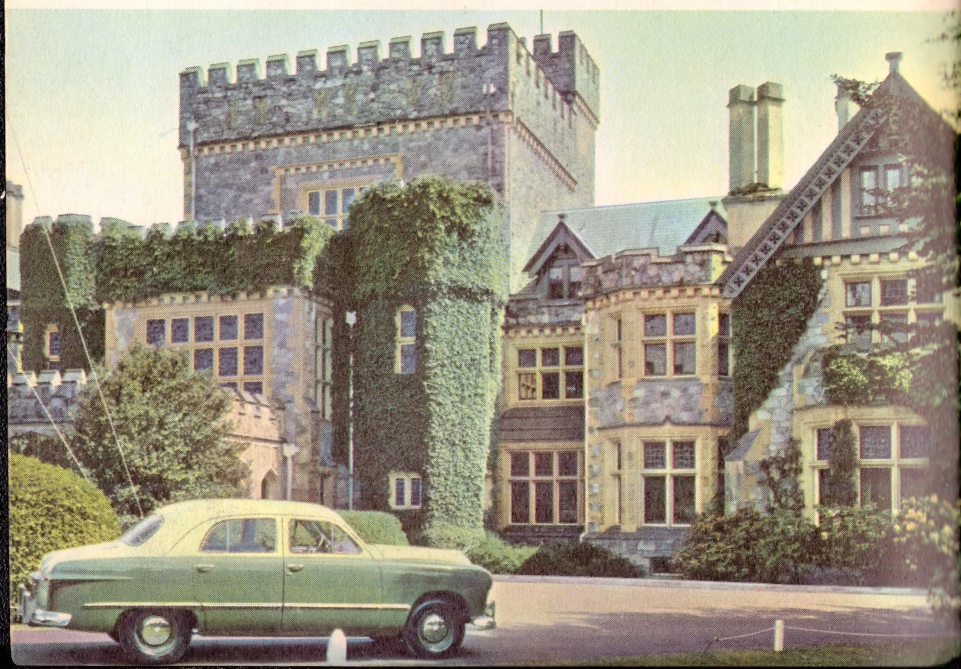
FORD TIMES



june 1950



Above: A four-horse tallyho near the Empress Hotel, Victoria.
Below: Dunsmuir Castle, whose stones came from Britain. See
"Vancouver Island: A Vest-Pocket Continent." Story on page 2.



FORD TIMES

June, 1950

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Vancouver Island: Vest-Pocket Continent

by *Edmund Ware Smith*

photographs by Bob and Ira Spring

THERE is a documented story of an author who, on a visit to Vancouver Island, was so inspired by the varied topography, the fishing, the mid-winter roses and the breath of England that he wrote an insular report without a single statistic. The thing came forth pure—a panegyric in prose poem form.

Fearful that his readers would judge him guilty of prejudice and the purple passage, the author fired one critical shot, embedding his reluctant bullet in the small-type footnotes, or afterthoughts, as follows:

“Compared to the Cotuit oysters of Cape Cod, the Vancouver Island bivalves resemble tiny wads of wet newspaper torn from the section marked ‘Too Late for Classification.’”

Scarcely had his story seen the light of print when the author received a hurt letter from Mr. George I. Warren, then and now Commissioner of Victoria & Island Publicity, Victoria, British Columbia. The gist of Mr. Warren’s protest was that the oyster comparison, besides being odious, was incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial.

However this may be, there is a deeper inference to be drawn. To wit: Vancouver Islanders are not satisfied to have their Elysium judged only 99 and 44/100ths per cent pure. For an ordinary island inhabited by ordinary people, this percentage might be considered par. But on Vancouver Island, par is perfection. You get, they say, the extra 56/100ths. I,

Above right: Highway’s end at Kelsey Bay, Vancouver Island.

Below right: Trout fishing on Elk Creek, Upper Campbell Lake.



for one, am willing to concede.

Vancouver Island, lying snugly along the coasts of Washington and British Columbia, is really a vest-pocket continent. Two hundred and eighty miles long, and fifty to sixty miles wide, the island has everything you'd demand of a continent except deserts.

If you demand cities, the island offers an outstanding example in Victoria, the capital of British Columbia. You and your car reach Victoria by boat from Seattle, Port Angeles or Anacortes, Washington, or from Vancouver.

All island doings begin and end in Victoria. It is the point of debarkation and embarkation from and to fishing, hunting, touring, skiing in the high country.

Victoria is one of the most highly civilized communities in the world. In Victoria, a man is no longer a guy. He is a chap, or a jolly good fellow. Flower baskets bedeck Victoria's lamp posts. She is hostess to royalty, nobility, gentlemen, scholars, golfers, and men in waders carrying rod cases, or chaps in tweeds carrying gun cases stamped, "Made In England."

Victoria's manners are beautiful, her essence so British that you find yourself eating kippers for breakfast in the hushed splendor of the Empress Hotel, drinking tea and munching crumpets at 4 p.m., and at dinner considering chutney, curry of mutton, and the doings at Number 10 Downing. You cannot address strangers in familiar terms, such as "Hey, Mac!" or "Listen, pal." You cannot address them at all, until introduced. But with a possible exception of New York, Victoria is the only city in North America where you can carry a cane without being stoned by small boys.

Besides having civilization, a continent ought to have a climate. Vancouver Island has several. It is true that roses bloom in December, and that on Christmas Day in Victoria there's an outdoor swimming race. But few of the island's publicity brochures mention mean annual rainfall. The island has a rainfall, and it is mean, although less so than the rest of the coast hereabouts. It occurs in the winter months, often in the form of fog which in quality and tensile strength is unequalled either in Los Angeles or a Turkish bath. But in these off-season months, you acquire a Londoner's acceptance of fog, along with your English accent. Moreover, in Victoria's

Elk Falls, on the way to Upper Campbell Lake→



Forbidden Plateau Lodge and the Straits of Georgia→

shops, or the Hudson's Bay Company store, you can buy British boots, Siwash sweaters, and the doughty tweeds of Harris, all of which reduce the weather to fair and warmer.

Vancouver Island is the continent with the eight-month trout season, year round golf and yachting. I know of no luxury hotel save the Empress where you could post a sign which would read validly: "Two hours to cougar hunting. Salmon fishing, fourteen miles."

It is possible that the phrase "sportsmen's paradise" originated at the Tyee Salmon Club at Campbell River, or Strathcona Park, a half day's drive over scenic roads from Victoria. The Campbell River is famous for salmon, with good steelhead, cutthroat and Dolly Varden fishing in the lakes. Much nearer Victoria is the Cowichan River, noted for coho salmon, rainbow and steelhead trout.

In Strathcona Park are Strathcona Park Lodge, ski mountains, and part of the Forbidden Plateau, where there is red snow and a sheaf of Indian superstitions about it.

The island's tourist facilities are exceptionally good—motor courts, inns, small hotels, cottages, with boat rentals.

Almost every retired British colonel has an outfit of duck decoys and a duck boat or two. Duck and goose shooting is fine in the season. Many varieties of ducks and geese winter in the island's bays and inlets to enjoy the mildness provided by the Japan Current, the West Coast's Gulf Stream. Up-island, there is good grouse shooting.

A continent is obliged to have altitude, and in this field Vancouver Island beats the state of Colorado. It is true that Colorado can claim higher spots, and Death Valley lower ones. But in one ninth the area of Colorado, the island offers over a thousand miles of sea level fjords and shore lines, plus at least six mountains of 7,000 feet or more. These mountains are snow-capped, beautiful to climb if you're young, or to behold if you're not.

After your up-island hunting or fishing trip, as you drive south toward Victoria, it occurs to you that many phrases other than "sportsmen's paradise" may have made first echo hereabouts. On the Malahat Drive, someone must have said "scenic splendor." Perhaps "forest aisles" sprang from the lips of a hunter walking among Vancouver Island's skyscraping

Strathcona Park Lodge. Record cougar killed nearby→



Douglas firs and cedars. And how about "riot of bloom"? That could have popped off the tongue of a horticulturist viewing the internationally renowned Butchart's Gardens at Brentwood. The island can also claim possession, if not invention, of "lofty crags," "booming surf," "lapping waters," "untrammelled wilderness," "teeming with trout," "abounding with game," "jeweled lakes," and "charming people."

Let us say you have spent two weeks in Strathcona, seen glaciers, caught fish, and tarried in the pleasant town of Courtenay. You want another taste of Victoria. You haven't seen the Parliament Buildings, played golf at the Royal Colwood Golf Club, ridden in the four-horse Tallyho, or visited the Provincial Museum. Instead of returning over the Malahat Drive, you ferry your car from Mill Bay to Brentwood, see Butchart's Gardens and the Dominion Astrophysical Observatory, and drive in through Royal Oak on Quadra Street.

It's night when you get in, and the city is beautifully lighted. The searchlight beams of ocean liners rake the Pacific sky, and the full romance of Victoria hits you hard. She's a queen, and she's a seaport. Where's that steamer headed? Johannesburg? Yokohama? Auckland? Sydney? On the dock, in the bustling lights, you can see baggage labelled: "Shepherd's, Cairo; Hotel Alcron, Praha; Hotel Pont Royal, Rue D'Alembert, Paris; The Statler, Detroit."

Young or old, this far-wandering feeling will hit you, sometime, in Victoria. It once hit a wide-eyed American so hard that he was moved to compile an imaginary but none-the-less significant passenger list for a nameless steamer, outward bound. It is possible that this man had got into a bottle of Hudson's Bay over-proof Demorrara rum; but, in that it gives a true impression of the range of people who might logically have placed Victoria on their world itineraries, his list is typical—not extraordinary.

"On board," he said, "were Mr. Micawber, Martin Chuzzlewit, and the Great Gatsby; the Merry Wives of Windsor, George F. Babbitt, and Sherlock Holmes; eleven retired British Majors from Calcutta leaned shoulder-to-shoulder on the starboard rail saying nothing—'adn't been introduced; there was a Colonel from Khartoum, a pukka sahib from Darjeeling, and a member of His Majesty's Coldstream Guards, Blackfriars; Harpo Marx and the King of Siam were playing shuffleboard on the after deck—a night

game; D'Artagnan, Athos and Porthos were squiring the Andrews sisters on the promenade deck, while at a poker table in the smoking room sat the then Prince of Wales with Satchmo Armstrong, William Shakespeare, Two Gentlemen from Verona, and Winston Churchill."

You may be sure that all those on this list, either in person or in ghost form, have appeared in Victoria.

But above and beyond having international travelers and visiting celebrities, a continent must have, finally, a Publicity Department. Vancouver Island has one equal to its cause. If you will write to Mr. George I. Warren, Commissioner, Victoria & Island Publicity, Victoria, B. C., Canada, you will receive literature which excels the foregoing in art and composition, but not in depth of feeling. Note: In addressing Mr. Warren, please make no reference to oysters. ■

Red snow, Forbidden Plateau, gets its color from algae.





In Old Virginia

*photographs by Robert P. Holland
and William N. Robbins*

COLONIAL VIRGINIA ranges in time from Jamestown, the place, to Washington, the name. Between the two lies a century and a half of the growth of the Old Dominion. The upper picture on the opposite page shows the earlier end of that famous growth. It is the Old Church Tower, which dates from 1639-1647. The walls are three feet thick and the courses of handmade brick are laid in the English bond—an achievement especially impressive in these days of thin-walled masonry. Today the Tower is all that remains above ground of the first permanent English settlement in the New World, a settlement made in 1607. Excavations now going forward are revealing other relics of Jamestown, including foundations, old streets, fence lines and pottery.

A hundred and fifty years later the name of Washington was looming large in Virginia. The lower picture shows George Washington's grist mill, a few miles from Mount Vernon. In 1752 Washington acquired it from the widow of his brother, Lawrence. He rebuilt the mill in 1770 and reconstructed its race in 1795. According to tradition, the flour ground there and sacked in bags stamped "George Washington, Mount Vernon," was accepted without inspection. The mill owes its present existence to the Virginia Conservation Commission, which reconstructed it in 1932 after doing careful research among extant mills in order to study their shapes and copy not only the architecture but the machinery itself. The Conservation Commission reconstructed the mill from the foundation up. Now the Future Farmers of America maintain it and keep it open for the public. ■



Island Treasure: Contentment

by Rafe Gibbs

paintings by Katherine Westphal

EVER SINCE I was a kid with visions of the Swiss Family Robinson dancing in my head, I had wondered what life would be like on an island. The particular island which beckoned to me was Sinclair, one of the San Juan group of Puget Sound, nestled between Canada's Vancouver Island and the United States' West Coast.

There the worries of the world are shut off with the flick of a radio dial; the monthly grocery bill of a couple averages as low as \$17; free fuel in the form of driftwood is delivered by the rising tide within a few yards of the woodbox. There, most of the time, the climate is gentle; gardens thrive in winter and summer—without dusting; sheep and cattle walk free of pests and disease, and human life, too, seems to escape.

I had the pilot of a seaplane drop me off at the island because it looked friendly from above, and I thought perhaps the people would be, too. As I eased out of the beached seaplane, a woman—silver-haired, blue-overalled—called from atop a thirty-foot cliff fringing the island to ask what I wanted. When I told her I was just visiting, she said:

"Well, land sakes! Do come up and have a cup of coffee."

My coffee-pouring hostess proved to be Mrs. Fern Doty, a widow who did not hesitate when I asked her age. Sixty-six. Her face mirrored contentment. There was little room for wrinkles.

Mrs. Doty was particularly pleased with life at the time of my visit because she had just recently come home. In 1940, with the death of her husband, she had been left alone to run the island dairy farm to which she had come in 1905. But in 1946, she was tired. She sold her stock, and moved to the mainland. Rest eluded her there. Everybody seemed to have so many worries. Mrs. Doty packed up and came home.



Ferry dock at Anacortes, Washington

"If I ever have to leave this island again," she said, "I want to go to another island."

Mrs. Doty now keeps chickens, geese, a few sheep and *one* cow. Her monthly cream check averages about \$30, and that more than takes care of all her personal and household expenses. Her grocery bill for herself and a seasonal hired man is only about \$17 a month. When she is alone the bill is less than \$10. Most of the food comes from the land. There are also plenty of fish in the sea, and wild ducks and brant in the sky.

A major expense on the island, which has no electricity, is gasoline. Gas runs everything from washing machines to refrigerators. Kerosene is used for lamps. Fuel for cooking and heating costs nothing. The easy way is to pick it up as it drifts onto the island shore.

As she escorted me on a Cook's tour of the island, Mrs. Doty told me much of the San Juans and Sinclair in particular. Sinclair, named after Arthur Sinclair who commanded the

Argus during the war of 1812, is typical of most of the San Juan Islands because of its heavily wooded areas. The undergrowth is thick and beautiful . . . white blossoming dogwood, sunset-red flowering currant, gently dipping green ferns. And smell that honeysuckle!

The rainfall is tricky in the San Juans. Some islands are on the arid side. Cactus even flourishes on a few. Obtaining fresh water on several islands is a problem, but springs abound on Sinclair.

All the islands are mountains which managed to keep their heads above water when the range sank. Major islands in the true sense include Orcas, Lopez and San Juan. Fidalgo, on which is located the lumbering and fishing town of Anacortes with a population of about 6,000, is connected with the mainland by a bridge. To many of the islands, you can travel by ferryboat in your car.

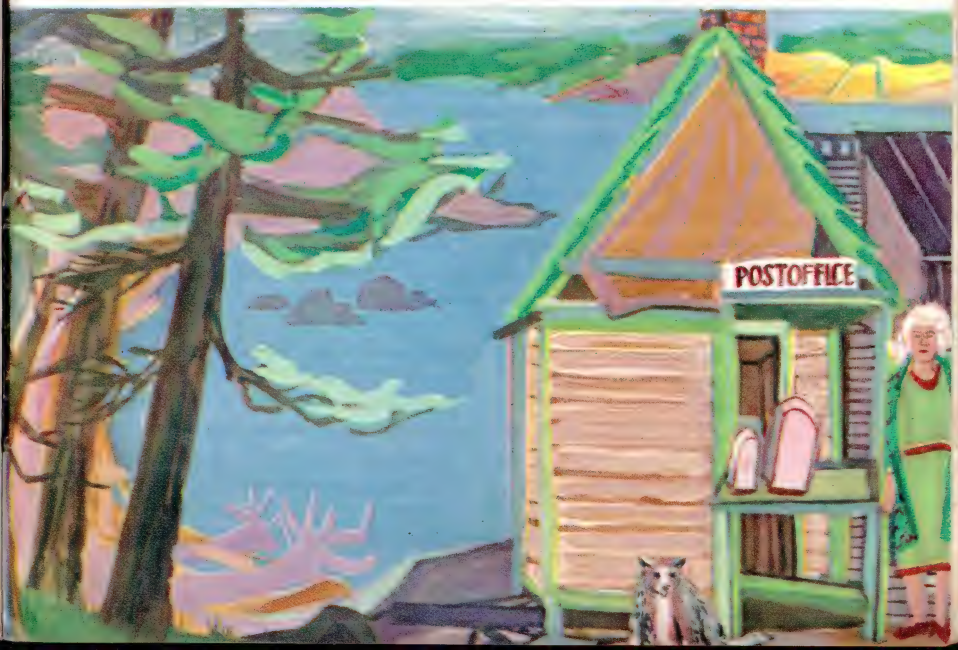
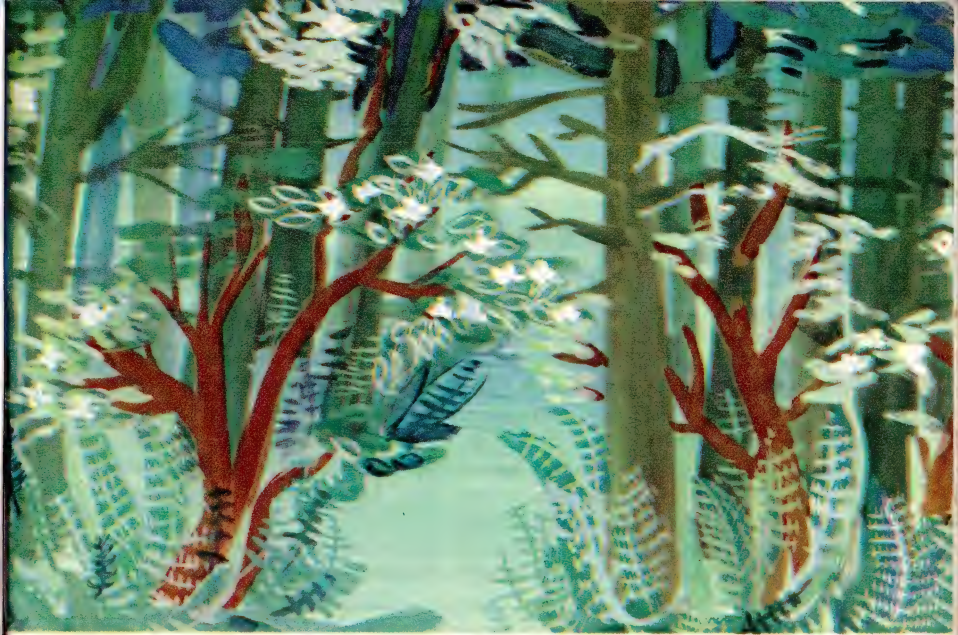
When I asked Mrs. Doty if she ever became lonesome on Sinclair Island, she shook her head.

"Here on the island I'm never alone—really," she said. "God seems so much nearer. You see Him in the strength of the water lapping at the shore, in the grace of the seagulls—even in the greenness of the forest. On the mainland I guess people don't have much opportunity or time to notice things like that."

We passed neat cottages, each with a garden bursting at the rows. As we followed a winding road from the shore into the woods, we entered pine growth so heavy it virtually shut out the sun.

"This is Katy's Tunnel," Mrs. Doty remarked. "Katy was one of the eleven children my husband and I adopted and raised here. She came to us as a little tyke, and the first day she was here she disappeared. We hunted the whole island over, but couldn't find her. Finally, at sunset she came skipping home. 'I've found the most wonderful place to be when it's hot,' she said. 'There's a tunnel in the trees, and it was so nice and cool I just sat down and stayed there till the sun went away.'"

As we entered the barnyard of the island's second farm, a cheerful woman with hair as fine and white as powdered snow came out of a vine-covered house to meet us. She was Mrs. Bert March, who, besides being a farmwife, is the postmistress of



the island.

"Morning," she greeted her neighbor. "We butchered yesterday, and I put some fresh liver in your mailbox."

"Thank you kindly," replied Mrs. Doty. "I'll be bringing you over some cabbage soon."

I asked Mrs. March how she liked the job of postmistress, and she smiled: "Fine, but records, records, records."

Mrs. March and Mrs. Doty had a "good visit," which I learned was the island's chief social diversion besides picnicking on the beach. Then we moved on to the U.S. Post Office. About the size of the average corn crib, it has only two lock boxes, neither locked and both outside so mail can be picked up when Mrs. March is not on duty.

In Mrs. Doty's box was the liver. Mrs. March had not worried about its spoiling when she placed it there, for she knew from long experience that Mrs. Doty would be along soon to pick up her mail.

Also in the box were a letter, a newspaper and a postal card. The card was from Rockville, Illinois, inviting Mrs. Doty to a family reunion.

"Imagine me going to Illinois," said Mrs. Doty. "Why, that's out of this world."

Back at the farm, she "whipped up" a meal while I listened for the roar of the seaplane that was to pick me up and return me to that other world. She apologized as she set before me fried chicken, circled with peas and carrots and potatoes fresh from the garden. Homemade whole-wheat bread had come from the oven that morning. Then the dessert—homemade wild loganberry pie.

All the food of the meal, except for flour, sugar, coffee and spices, had come from Sinclair Island. This was "living off the land" as our forefathers knew it. Smoking my pipe on the front porch after the meal and blowing smoke rings toward a soaring seagull, I thought about the possibilities of living some day on an island.

There are more than a million habitable islands in and around the United States and Canada. The diversity is great—from Alaskan islands furnished with brown bears to Florida islands lush with tropical growth. You can rent or buy space. Homes, too. You can even buy an island all to yourself. So, it might be worth your while to do a little island visiting. You can't lose, because the chances are you will be invited to coffee . . . and maybe dinner . . . with wild loganberry pie . . .

How to Save Money with One Foot

EVERYDAY DRIVERS can take some gas-saving tips from crack drivers who squeezed amazing mileages out of their gasoline in the recent Mobilgas Grand Canyon run. Competitors in this 751-mile event went to great lengths in preparing themselves for the contest, some driving barefoot, others even sandpapering their toes to get a better feel of the accelerator.

You can keep your shoes on, as the Ford driver did, and still realize a substantial saving in gasoline if you learn and practice the driving tricks employed by the contestants. Art Rene, an employee of the Long Beach, California, Ford plant, who drove the 1949 Ford Six which won in its class, lists below the principal ways in which an average city or country driver can get more miles out of every gasoline dollar.

Rene says there are two factors involved in saving the gas: 1. The driving technique, and 2. The proper adjusting of the car.

Taking No. 1, the following pointers will help you stretch that gallon: a. Sit in a comfortable position so that your foot fits comfortably on the accelerator, allowing accurate response to all pressures. b. Avoid sudden stops and sharp turns, as this tends to slosh raw gasoline into the engine.

c. Use the choke as little as possible (if automatic, make certain it is adjusted correctly) as this also dumps raw gasoline into the engine. d. Don't accelerate rapidly. This uses more gas than is necessary to set the car in motion.

As for No. 2, the drivers found that keeping the car in correct seasonal as well as mechanical adjustment is a big economy factor. Proper weight oils and greases keep the engine from pulling through hard butter in the winter or burning itself up on flimsy oil in summer.

For owners who plan to keep their cars several years, Rene gives this tip: Change the exhaust pipe and muffler every 20,000 miles. As the mileage mounts carbon collects inside these pipes, causing a back pressure that is wasteful of fuel.

The drivers also found that even a slight error in timing, gas mixture, or spark plug setting can result in lost fuel efficiency. Tires have their place in the picture, too, over-inflation causing uncomfortable jolting, and under-inflation creating a gas-consuming drag. Pressures recommended by the maker give best performance.

Check your present mileage, then check your mileage for a month while following the above advice. You'll come out with money in your pocket. ■



Backyard Fishing In San Francisco

by J. Ray Corliss

photographs by Harry De Lasaux

A BRIGHT-EYED little girl returns to Chinatown by cable car —carrying a 19-inch trout. A bond salesman, twenty minutes from Montgomery Street, grudges line to a red-tailed perch as it slashes along the beach. A welder, within sight of his Rincon Hill factory, trolls the calm Bay for stripers.

For gracious San Francisco, a tilted peninsula of steel and concrete, offers sport fishing tailored to every whim. And, best of all, it's the after-work, be-there-in-a-minute, take-the-family kind of fishing often thought of as a bygone pleasure.

Many's the unsuspecting San Franciscan who waits fifty weeks to travel hundreds of miles, thrash through canyons choked with buck or squaw brush to catch less than he might have after work at home.

Others close their desks at quitting time and grab their rods or nets. They have time to fish a bit in the late afternoon sun and still make it home for dinner. With luck, they take the main course home with them, strung through the gills.

In and around San Francisco, there are four general types of fishing terrain to be scouted: the open water and the shores of San Francisco Bay; the ocean coast south to Santa Cruz and north to Bodega Bay; the twisting delta waterways through which the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers empty; and the lakes and streams of the City and nearby Marin County.

Before you drive a mile, however, you find that one star performer in Bay Area sport fishing pays little heed to geographical limitations. Striped bass, imported years ago from the Atlantic, are everywhere but in the night clubs. Ready biters the year round when located, of eccentric habits, they lure more fishermen into an unending game of hide-and-seek than any other local species.

Potent bass signs are seen in spring, then in an invariable order. First the cormorants begin to wheel and dive on the

Above left: Fishing the sea-swept rocks near Golden Gate.

Below left: Still-fishing for catfish, San Francisco delta.



←*Fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco's "backyard"*

shoal waters. That means that the herring masses, great bass food, have entered the Bay to spawn. Then fishermen turn out with simple dip nets to take hundreds of pounds of herring for smoking and pickling. Soon the stripers will follow—how soon, or on what flank, no one can quite predict.

On the Bay, in a hundred coves and at as many piers, small boats can be rented. From these the purists among bass anglers troll their plugs and spoons. Party boats, barges and charter boats are available throughout the year at from 75 cents to \$5 a person. Usually, tackle can be rented.

On the Bay, off Berkeley and Richmond, good bass luck is to be had near tidal flats. Nearby, a race track's loud-speaker blasts the afternoon air. When the bass invade the shipping lanes, freighters and their tugs use a lot of impatient whistle steam tooting at impudent fleets of skiffs.

General fish-finding in the Bay calls for a leisurely afternoon's drive around its land-locked waters. Go north, across the graceful red bridge over the Golden Gate, to the little cliff-hanging port of Sausalito. Skirt the Bay to San Rafael where the fish feed thick by the old piers and the Marin Islands. Sometimes at night, stripers may be seen jumping playfully at the lights along the ferry slips near Point San Quentin.

North again, around McNears Point, is China Camp, famous for orange fields of drying shrimp and fine bass trolling. At any point along here, one can occasionally tie into a halibut. Cross to the east shore by the Benecia ferry or the Carquinez bridge and turn south along San Pablo Bay where there is always a good chance for fishing action.

Return by the Eastshore highway. Off to the east toward Treasure Island is Southampton Shoals where crabbing can be excellent. Pursuing the crab is a net-throwing, rope-hauling, hand-blistering business that pays off in exercise, sunshine and fine salads.

Another field for the fish explorer is the weather-lashed tapestry of the coast. The rock and surf fishing, with mussels, sand crabs, clams, or sardines for bait, is almost universally good there.

Build a driftwood fire in the shelter of any cliff and cast for ling cod, rock fish, cultus or stripers. The youngsters, whirring throw lines around their heads like so many Davids, can often

←*Party boat fishing for striped bass, bay area*



← *Salmon and ling cod from waters outside Golden Gate.*

do as well as anyone.

When the coastal tides are very low fishermen of a hardy cult wade, fully clothed, into the cold and cranky Pacific. Before sunup, wrapped in chill sea fog, they move slowly through the strange half-world of tidal pools thrusting scratched hands into the farthest crannies of the rocks. They are the fishers for abalone.

Greatly respected as food, as game, and as a local institution, abalone average seven to ten inches across when mature. They clamp their heavy half-shells to the underside of rocks, usually under water. When located, they must be pried loose by quick action with the sharpened end of an old auto spring. Sliced and pounded, the flesh tastes something like a cross between fine, grainless veal and the best scallops.

Within the city limits, be sure to scout Baker Beach under the Presidio, little China Beach, and the long windy sands of exposed Ocean Beach. The latter, despite its sea lions, roller coasters and calliopes can furnish some fishing surprises. At worst, there are dog sharks, skates and rays, predatory and useless, but full of fight.

Some holiday morning follow the cane pole brigade to the maze of waterways at the mouths of the Sacramento, which empties at the Bay's north end, or the San Joaquin, flowing from the east and south. Their deltas border hundreds of miles of lazy, Louisiana-like fishing water. These lowland streams and sloughs, such as Old River and Steamboat Slough, have black bass, crappie, calico bass, catfish, sunfish and sand dabs. And, of course, the ubiquitous striped bass and salmon.

Trout are, perhaps, the last fish that would be associated with a cosmopolitan sea port. Go out past Twin Peaks into the heart of the residential districts and try Lake Merced. It has been well stocked and the carp, enemies of the trout, have been eliminated. Or cross the Golden Gate into Marin again. Turn up the slopes of the Tamalpais ridge and cast into the quiet lakes and dancing streams there.

Or . . . but it's best to get out a rod and an old dragless reel and go foraging for fish in the city's backyard. Within minutes your line may be burning a pleasant vertical groove up your thumb. ■

← *You can rent small boats, with or without motor.*



Seagoing Rainbow

by Franklin M. Reck

painting by Paul Whitman

THE RAINBOW-that-went-to-sea is an upsetter of business and family routine.

It isn't his going to sea that causes the dislocation as much as his annual return to the stream that bore him. This homeward run marks the season when West Coast fishermen respond to business queries and family demands with "Eh?" and "Uh."

The sea-going rainbow trout is called the "steelhead," a trout whose size, energy, and uncatalogued tactics at the end of a leader make exaggeration futile. Steelhead fishermen consider that they have reached the ultimate in angling. Their attitude toward ordinary trout fishermen is friendly but far-away, as one who has seen visions.

Like Pacific salmon, steelhead return to their streams to spawn, but unlike Pacific salmon, they live to go back to sea again. They run upstream in summer, from May to November, depending on the latitude. They run again in late winter and early spring, but it's the late-summer-and-fall run that calls forth most fishermen, because then the steelhead is cruising the surface for flies.

For each stream the calendar is different. The genuine steelhead addict migrates north as the season advances. From the Russian, the Mattole, the Klamath in California. On to the Rogue, the Coquille, the Umpqua in Oregon. North to the Lewis, Skykomish, the Quinault in Washington. Thence to the Little Qualicum on Vancouver Island, the Skeena in British Columbia, and all the other streams in between.

Wherever a mountain stream spreads its wash in the Pacific, from San Francisco Bay in California to Bristol Bay in Alaska, there stands an invisible but infallible signboard pointing inland, saying: "This way to steelhead." ■



Massive Clark Hill Dam, above, is being thrown across the Savannah River, 20 miles above Augusta, Georgia, on U. S. Highways 21, 25, and 78. Its giant earth-fill and concrete structure is more than a mile long. The 1,100-foot concrete spillway, fed by 23 gates, each 35 feet high and 40 feet wide, will control a reservoir with a 1,200-mile shoreline. Clark Hill Dam's size, height, and stage of construction make it a key observation point for touring "sidewalk superintendents."

Field Day For Sidewalk Superintendents

by Gene Holcomb

photographs courtesy Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army

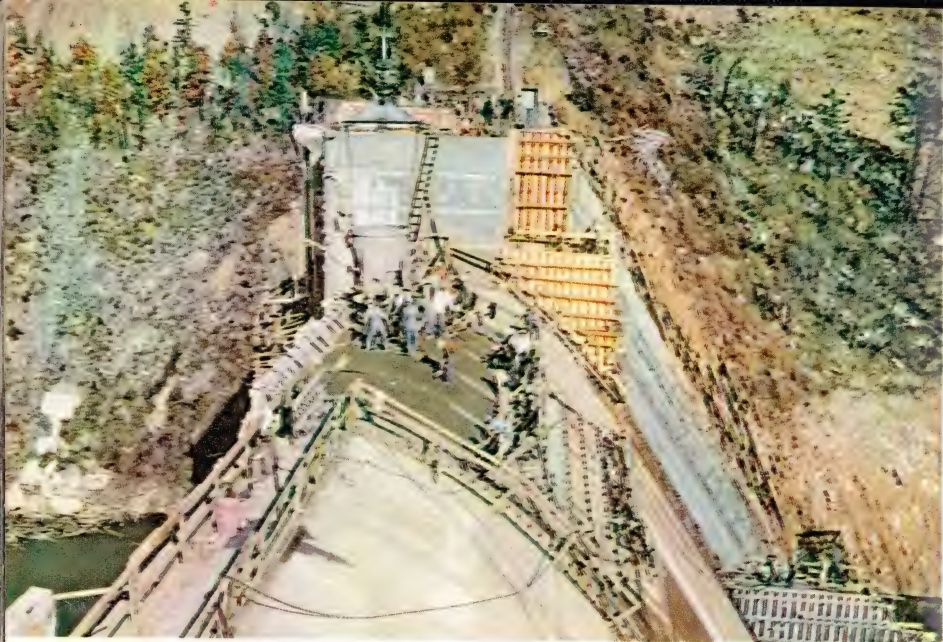
BY JUNE 30, the end of the government's fiscal year, more than a hundred large dams will be under construction by the Federal government. The construction will proceed in every section of the country. A few of these dams are just started. Others are nearing completion. But the majority are from 30 to 80 percent on the way to dedication time—the stage of work most irresistible to the United States Citizens Army of Sidewalk Superintendents.

Recently a prominent engineer observed that ninety-nine out of every hundred Americans are born “superintendents.” To qualify fully, you have to be able to assist Bucyrus-Erie shovels and Bay City draglines by giving them a kind of body English from a leaning position on the fence overlooking the excavation. You must lend a spiritual hand to large electric cranes swinging steel girders aloft; and cement mixers, with grout pipes and elephants' noses, must people your dreams. Finally, you must be able to tell the most expert powder monkey just where to drill for the blast that will move the mountain, and the song of the air hammer and pneumatic riveter must be more beautiful in your ears than the racket of many woodpeckers at work on a sheet iron church steeple.

To judge by the engineer's observation, most of us qualify—and this decade is our greatest era!

For besides the one hundred dams already under construction, twenty-five to thirty more will be started each year until about 1960, when the over-all construction will begin to taper off. The total number to be built, is, of course, a matter for Congress to decide. But plans already drawn or authorized make certain that there will be a dam a-building in almost every American's future.

Word of this vast post-war construction program to develop and use the nation's great water resources is only beginning to



← *Narrows Dam, Little Missouri River, Murfreesboro, Arkansas*

be spread. Yet the sidewalk superintendents are already having a field day. Last year, an estimated six million men, women, and children visited the sites where dams are currently under construction by either the United States Army Engineers or the Bureau of Reclamation, Department of the Interior. Fortunately, nearly all of the sites are convenient to both state and national highways, though very few are near large population centers.

Take the Allatoona Dam for example. This large dam is now nearing completion on the Etawah River, near the small town of Catersville, in the hills of northwestern Georgia. Yet the Allatoona project has consistently drawn thousands of visitors each week, with six thousand or more on Sundays. Tourists to this section, traveling U. S. Highways 41 and 411, hear of it, drop by for a quick-see and stay all day. Many families living within a convenient week-end's drive of the job early adopted it as their special point of interest. Each month or so they have driven over and spent the day, keeping a personal score of the progress being made.

With the exception of the relatively tiny soil erosion dams constructed by the Department of Agriculture, all Federal dams are designed primarily for flood control, navigation, or irrigation purposes. The majority of them, however, are what the engineers call multiple-purpose projects. This means that in addition to their primary purposes, the completed dams also will provide such secondary benefits as hydroelectric power, pollution abatement, municipal and industrial water supply and the propagation of fish and wild life. Each benefit of this type has a tangible economic value that is figured in a dam's ability to pay back to the country its cost and upkeep.

Not counted in dollars and cents on the books of either the U. S. Army Engineers or the Bureau of Reclamation is a benefit of a very special kind—recreation. It is no guess-work to say that within a decade the reservoirs which form behind the completed dams will make America a veritable land of lakes. Many will have shorelines of more than a thousand miles, and all will be equipped with modern facilities for camping, swimming, boating, fishing, or just lazying through a holiday “away from everything.”

Federal dam construction is divided by Congress between

← *Garrison Dam, world's largest earth-fill, Minot, North Dakota*



← *Canton Dam, North Canadian River, Canton, Oklahoma*

the Corps of Engineers and the Bureau of Reclamation according to a dam's primary function. The Army Engineers are the acknowledged world authority on flood control and navigation improvements. (They have been in charge of developing the nation's rivers and harbors since 1824, and of flood control since the work was adopted as a Federal responsibility in 1936.) So all dams designed primarily for flood control or navigation purposes are assigned to the Corps of Engineers. These projects are scattered from Virginia to Oregon, from Montana to Texas, taking in the entire United States.

The Bureau of Reclamation specializes in irrigation. Consequently, its dam construction projects are concentrated in the West, where bringing water to the arid land areas is a national problem. But regardless of the agency in charge, the welcome sign is sincere. All projects have large, well-placed viewing platforms, guides, information pamphlets, picnic grounds, and other desirable facilities for the visitor. Some of them even have lecture halls, with talks given twice a day in summer.

To see a large dam under construction is like watching a five-ring circus. There is something of interest for everyone, and enough of everything to satisfy even the most avid of sidewalk superintendents. An Army Engineer recently wrapped up the point very neatly. "Dam construction is a spread-out job, covering many acres," he said. "A visitor can spend all day looking at it, if he wishes, and never see the same thing twice. As for size—well, if you remember that size is a relative quality, you can safely say that *all* Federal dams are big, even the ones which we engineers sometimes call 'small.' "

Asked about visitors who come to see the work, he said, "Not only are the American people welcomed on a Federal dam job, but they should go and see one. After all, it is *their* dam. It is being built with their money, by an agency of their government, for their own and their children's benefit."

The list on the dam map, pages 32 and 33, gives names and locations of the major Federal dams that are currently from five to ninety-five per cent complete. Go see one of them. Adopt it, if you wish. But remember that seeing a dam being built does something to a person. Once you see one of them under way, you'll probably feel that you have to see them all! ■

← *Buggs Island Dam, twenty miles from Clarksville, Virginia*

U. S. DAMS open to inspection



by sidewalk superintendents



Arizona-Nevada
Davis

Arkansas
Bayou Bodcau
(see La.)
Blakely Mountain
Bull Shoals
Narrows

California
Farmington
Folsom
Isabella
Pine Flat
Whittier Narrows

Colorado
Cherry Creek
Dixon Canyon
Granby
Horselooth
Marys Lake
Olympus
Soldier Canyon
Spring Canyon
Jackson Gulch

Florida
Jim Woodruff

Georgia
Allatoona
Clark Hill

Idaho
Sweetwater
Lucky Peak
Webb Creek

Idaho-Oregon
Anderson Ranch
Cascade

Illinois
Farm Creek

Indiana
Cagles Mill

Iowa
Coralville

Kansas
Hulah
(see Okla.)

Kentucky
Dewey
Wolf Creek

Louisiana
Bayou Bodcau
(see Arkansas)

Maryland
Savage River

Massachusetts
Tully

Montana
Hungry Horse

Nebraska
Cambridge
Enders
Harlan
Medicine Creek

New Hampshire
West Peterboro

New York
East Signey
Mount Morris

North Carolina
Buggs Island
(See Va.)

North Dakota
Baldhill
Garrison
Heart Butte
Homme

Ohio
Burr Oak
Deleware
Dillon
East Fork of Mill Creek

Oklahoma
Fort Gibson
Hulah
Tenkiller Ferry
Wister

Oregon
Cottage Grove
Detroit
Dorena
Lookout Point
McNary
Wickiup

Pennsylvania
Conemaugh River
East Branch Clarion
River

South Carolina
Clark Hill (See Ga.)

South Dakota
Angustura
Fort Randall
Oahe

Tennessee
Center Hill

Texas
Belton
Benbrook
Garza Little Elm
Grapevine
Lavon
San Angelo
Texarkana
Whitney

Vermont
Union Village

Virginia
Buggs Island
Philpott

Washington
South Coulee
Long Lake
Potholes
Chief Joseph

West Virginia
Sutton
Morgantown
Bluestone

Wyoming
Boysen



These are young barn owls. Staunch friends of farmers, they will eat many rodents before old age.

Kind Words for Bad Birds

by O. A. Fitzgerald

paintings by Charles B. Culver

THOMAS D. BURLEIGH, a bird expert with the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, has probably spent more time and traveled more miles just looking at birds than anybody since Audubon. And possibly he has written more words and had more heart-to-heart talks on birds than anybody in history.

By starting at the age of six, when he was just big enough to raise his eyes over the rim of a robin's nest, and continuing through the years, and through forty-four states, six provinces of Canada, most of Labrador and Mexico and part of Europe, Mr. Burleigh has become not only a one-man encyclopaedia on everything in feathers but the fastest man to raise his voice when a bird's reputation is slurred.

Anyone who makes an unkind remark about an owl, a hawk, a magpie, a woodpecker, or even a buzzard, within



Quartet of baby long-eared owls, also great eaters of mice. On the opposite page is a Golden Eagle.

earshot of Mr. Burleigh will soon find himself eased gently into a corner and firmly given a lecture on the good qualities of so-called bad birds.

This attitude goes even so far as to include the rough-legged hawk, whose very name causes farmers to reach for their shotguns. The killing of a hawk often advances a Boy Scout toward a merit badge just as surely as helping elderly parties across streets. This saddens Mr. Burleigh greatly.

He has found hawks among the finest pest control experts in feathers. They keep field mice in line, and when they attack



they go after sick and injured animals first. Moreover, they dispose of the bodies of dead animals and help prevent disease in field and forest.

Not long before Christmas Mr. Burleigh had a rather ironical experience with a rough-legged hawk. A forestry student at the University of Idaho had found the body of one of these predators hanging from a farmer's fence. The farmer had shot it as a lesson to other hawks. Mr. Burleigh opened the bird up to examine its last meal. This had consisted of

exactly twelve mice. The irony lay in the fact that the farmers of the region had been complaining of mice and were about to spend money exterminating them.

Even the great horned owl—generally regarded as the meanest of all flying killers—gets credit for some good deeds in Mr. Burleigh's book. He was studying quail along the Gulf Coast a few years ago at a time when the birds' eggs were being devoured wholesale by skunks. Investigation showed that the great horned owls—there were only a few left—were the quail's only friend. They delight in skunk meat. Mr. Burleigh examined one that had eaten so many skunks it had to be handled out of doors.

Although he is in the vanguard of the minority party where predatory birds are concerned, Mr. Burleigh does not automatically place a halo on every feathered killer. He has seen more than one hawk with a chicken in its claws, more than one owl ripping up a peaceful nest, and more than one kingfisher with a trout in its bill.

But with his name attached to 175 books, pamphlets and technical papers on birds, and with twenty years in the Wildlife Service, Mr. Burleigh finds himself justified in applying Father Flanagan's philosophy—that there is no such thing as an all-bad boy—to some of the birds that get the smoky end of the gun from trigger-happy humans. He will come to their defense just as readily as a poet will write about a nightingale.

"Some individual birds have bad habits," he says, "but so do some people. Just because a left-handed thug cracks a safe do we jug all left-handed people? The important thing is to consider the eating habits of a whole species, not those of a single bird.

"Besides,"—here Mr. Burleigh went back to hawks and came up with a generally unknown aspect of their character—"hawks get penalized for having a sense of humor. I've seen them swoop down and scatter a covey of birds without touching a single one. They probably fly off chuckling with glee. Many people see this and assume the hawk tried and missed. Don't underestimate him. When

*Pelican**Rough-legged Hawk→*



a hawk has blood in his eye he never misses, but often he dives for fun—and the reward is a hail of buckshot.

"Turkey buzzards come in for the same rough treatment. Some years ago there was an epidemic of hog cholera in the South. Farmers blazed away whenever they spotted a turkey buzzard over some carcasses. The scientists of the Wildlife Service moved in when they heard of the buzzard slaughter, and they found that the buzzards weren't spreading cholera—they were helping to confine it. They were eating dead hogs and their digestive juices were killing the germs.

"Twenty years ago people were massacring pelicans in Florida on the grounds that they were eating too many fish. Once again the Wildlife Service moved in—and again they found the birds not guilty. It was true that the pelicans were eating fish, but 99 per cent of them were eating non-commercial fish, the kind fishermen had no use for."

Out in the Rocky Mountains, Golden Eagles are currently under indictment, but Mr. Burleigh is, has been and will be volunteer attorney for the defense. That they are responsible for the disappearance of lambs and goats he stoutly denies. He has examined the entrails of many Golden Eagles and found absolutely no evidence for a conviction.

Mr. Burleigh is even a friend of the long-eared owl. He says he never saw a long-eared owl touch anything but a rodent. He insists that the bird has as much right to full citizenship in the bird world as peacocks and swallows.

After studying the habits and manners of almost every kind of bird over a considerable period of years, Mr. Burleigh feels they all belong in songs and poems along with the warblers and the thrushes. He proclaims friendship even with magpies, preferring to consider their appetite for insects more important than their noise and nasty habits.



Magpie

"Why, even the robins get cussed out during cherry season," Mr. Burleigh says. "People are overjoyed at their arrival in spring, but when they peck into some fruit I get calls asking how to drive them away. They sing and they eat insects, so why not let them have a few cherries? They earn them."

■ Buzzards→





The Ford in the Parlor

by Eugene Schrott

decorations by Robert Boston

HERE in Monmouth County we like our church bazaars, our Fourth of July parades and our box socials as well as any folks in New Jersey—or in the whole country, for that matter. But what really brings us out is an old-fashioned auction.

Maybe it's because a lot of us are personally acquainted with every stick of furniture and bit of china that's likely to be offered. Almost anyone in our town could trace Aunt Effie Mills' old cherry chest, with its sandwich glass knobs, right back to the man who made it. And everybody knows that Amy Johnson got her six Queen Anne chairs for twelve dollars from Ivy Houten, who bought them from Sarah Turner for half that much, and that Sarah

herself only had to bid \$2.50 for them ten years ago.

But that's not what brought us to the sale at the Browns' place. The old couple (who died within a few weeks of each other) had kept to themselves so much that nobody knew whether there would be anything worth bidding for. We all came anyway: we wanted to know whether it was true that they had kept a Ford in the parlor.

They had—for forty years!

There it stood, shining and resplendent on the faded brown carpet, modestly decked with a rubber plant in a brass jardiniere, and flanked by two gentlemen's chairs of carved rosewood. Its brass was as highly polished as the day it left the factory, and there was not a scratch to mar the sleek

blackness of its sides.

The womenfolk clucked their tongues as they pawed over the mountains of linens and bedding. The idea of keeping a car in the parlor! The menfolk joshed about it as they browsed among the farm implements lined up for inspection back of the house. The two antique dealers from New York lifted their eyebrows as they passed the parlor door—but since they specialized in milk glass and Duncan Phyfe, respectively, it was obviously out of their line.

Slowly the story was pieced together from one neighbor and another, and it went the rounds of the crowd.

Pa Brown bought the Ford back in 1909. He and Ma had done well on the farm, and they'd had no children to spend for, except the boy who had died at San Juan Hill. Cars were newer than television is today, and more exciting. They thought it would be nice to have one.

There'd been excitement aplenty when the dray brought it from the railroad station. Ma Brown stood out on the porch and dried her hands on her apron before she ventured to touch it. The neighbors left their fields to look. Everybody thought, naturally, that it would be kept in the barn, but Pa Brown said it might rust there, and the upholstery would get dusty. The parlor was big and roomy; why not put it there? After much persuasion Ma agreed—"for a little while."

Of course, Pa figured on learning to drive the car sometime. But there was no hurry, for at that time Monmouth County had no roads to speak of, and, anyway, they hated to think of getting it dirty. Evenings, they would sit and admire it. Pa liked to see the parlor lamp light reflected in its brass. The hired girl polished it every week when she cleaned the parlor. Time passed, and he got out of the notion of driving. And now, forty years later, we were snickering about it.

It took quite a while for the auction to swing into action. The women had looked over Ma Brown's household treasures and they knew what they wanted. Getting rid of the patchwork quilts, the seventeenth century highboy and the Hepplewhite chairs took a long time.

By mid-afternoon the excitement over the car had died down for nearly everyone except two teen-age boys. They sat morosely on the porch, where they could see the car through the parlor window, munching sandwiches and apples from paper bags seemingly bottomless. With them sat their father, imperturbably smoking his pipe.

For the hundredth time they hounded him with the same question: "What'll we do if somebody bids more than three hundred?" For the hundredth time he gave the same answer: "Then it will be just too bad." And again they lapsed into worried silence.

At four o'clock the auctioneer summoned the dwindling crowd inside. There stood the 1909 Model T, still proud and magnificent. He groped for adequate adjectives but his usually-glib tongue faltered. "What am I offered . . ." he began.

"Five dollars!" cried a voice in the rear, and the crowd tittered.

"TEN!" croaked the uncertain voice of the elder teen-ager. His father threw him a stern, silent reprimand.

"Fifteen."

The father's eyes were glued on his sons to keep them quiet. They heard him call, "Twenty!" and took hope again. The auctioneer glanced at his watch.

"Thirty!" (Hope died.)

"Thirty-five!" (Hope revived.)

"Thirty-six." But the voice in the rear was hesitant now.

"Thirty-seven." The boys heard their father's bid, saw the auctioneer consult his watch again, and then their faces became luminous as he shrugged his shoulders and began the familiar drone, "Going, going . . ."

They pushed the car out through

the double doors onto the porch as their father went up to pay, not three hundred, but thirty-seven dollars! Several men helped them lift the car down to the lawn, and the younger boy ran to get the gasoline that faith had prompted him to bring to the sale.

They had pushed the car half way down the driveway when a stranger drove up in a gleaming 1950 model and jumped out.

"What'll you take for it?" he demanded.

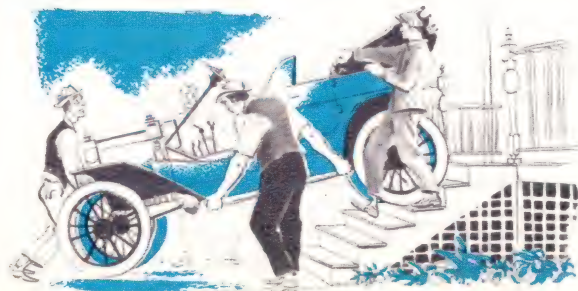
Before the boys could answer their father spoke up behind them: "Not selling."

"I'll give you six hundred!"

The crowd waited, and the boys turned tragic eyes to their father. They must have died a thousand times in the brief moment before he answered. "Not for six thousand!"

Then they poured in the gasoline, tinkered hastily with the engine, and cranked. The Model T snorted into life. Slowly it chugged down the road, while the crowd cheered.

For some, life does indeed begin at forty.





Mr. E. L. Horton, oldest (at 78) contestant at the muzzle loading rifle shoot held at Tom Alexander's.

Muzzle Loadin' Feud

by Hamilton Cochran

photographs by Lawrence S. Williams

THE MOUNTAIN MEN began to drift in about dawn. They carried their long-barreled muzzle loading rifles under their arms. Powder horns and bullet pouches hung across their shoulders. The meeting place was Tom Alexander's Cataloochee Ranch, Heywood County, in the Great Smokies of North Carolina.

Behind an outbuilding the mountain men leaned their rifles. They tipped a jug, and talked low-voiced about the feud. There would be trouble 'mongst the Suttons, the Riches, and the Messers. It had started at the muzzle loadin' shoot

Goler Green, of Purchase Mountain, the winner, takes aim across the chestnut log on the firing line. →

last year. It was then that the judges had awarded the Suttons first prize, after much deliberation over the targets, much careful measuring. The Suttons had approved the decision loudly. There were mutterings of anger from the Riches and the Messers. Only the presence of State Troopers had averted a general melee.

"Them Riches an' Messers is out for revenge," said a lean man, rocking the jug.

"You'll see shootin' today," remarked another, and you wondered whether he meant at men, or at targets.

The shoot at Tom Alexander's is an annual affair. The prizes are portions of a prime beef critter from the ranch. But this year there was an added cash prize of fifty dollars.

The contestants come from miles around, afoot or by car. Most of them mold their own bullets, making their wadding from bed ticking. All of them make their own targets—a charred hardwood board, against which a white sheet of paper is tacked. From the center of the paper, the mountain men cut out a diamond about two and a half inches high. That exposes a black, diamond-shaped bullseye. In the center of the diamond, they scratch a cross with a knife. The point where the lines cross is dead center, and it is from here that the bullet holes are measured by the judges.

The weapons are restricted to muzzle loading rifles—the old hog rifle, sometimes called the American, or Kentucky rifle. The distance is ninety yards—270 feet from firing line to target. The skill of the mountain men is incredible, and the feeling is always tense—but particularly so at last year's contest.

When the light got right, the shoot began. A tall man carefully loaded his rifle—a slow, painstaking ritual. He measured out his powder and poured it down the barrel. He selected a bullet, carefully wadded it, and rammed it down over the powder. Then he placed the percussion cap on the nipple, sprawled behind a chestnut log, laid his rifle across it, took a long sight, and fired. Each contestant is allowed three shots.

"Mrs. Coleman in the hole!" calls a voice, and a slim,

Rufe Sutton looks on while Glen Messer, of Hemp Hill Creek, pours molten lead into the bullet form. →



*General view of the firing line at the muzzle loading "feud,"
Cataloochee Ranch, Heywood County, North Carolina* →

pretty brunette in slacks takes her turn, shooting a beautifully made rifle that belonged to her grandfather.

"Frank Arrington in the hole!"

The Balsam County marksman has an able assistant in his wife, Ruby. She does all his loading for him.

Then the announcer calls for the Suttons. Grim-faced, Messers and Riches look on. Their turn comes, and there is mounting tension. The judges study the targets. There is no decision as yet. In all, thirty or more contestants are entered for the beef prizes, and the coveted fifty dollars cash. When the last man has fired his three shots, all targets are brought to the judges. A silent crowd watches over the judges' shoulders. Messers, Suttons, and Riches stand sternly apart. At last the chief judge rises to address the crowd.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he shouts, "I wish to announce that the grand cash prize has been awarded."

The Suttons, the Riches, and the Messers move closer.

"The winner is Goler Green, of Purchase Mountain!"

A gasp comes from the crowd. The feuding men are struck to silence. Goler Green! A dark horse.

"Goler Green, step forward, please!"

Dark-haired, grinning, bristle-faced, Goler Green steps forward. He is dressed in a wrinkled black coat. On his head is a shapeless hat.

The Suttons, Riches, and Messers glare at him as he walks by. But when they see Goler's target, their angry looks change slowly to grudging admiration. One of Goler's bullets has plugged the cross dead center. The second has clipped the edge of the first one's hole. The third is less than a half-inch from the second. Someone produces a quarter and with it covers all three bullet holes.

"Powerful fine shootin'," remark the Suttons.

"Damned if it ain't," agree the Riches.

The Messers shrug, and say: "He outshot us all, thet he did."

And a moment later the Suttons, Messers, and Riches are observed back of Tom Alexander's corn crib tilting a common jug. Fiddle music draws them as one toward the square dance in the ranch house. The feud is over for another year. ■

*After the contest, a square dance in the main room of
Tom Alexander's ranch house was enjoyed by one and all.* →

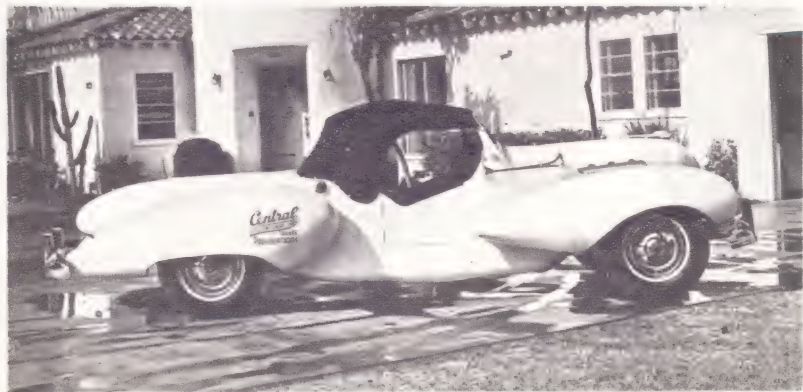


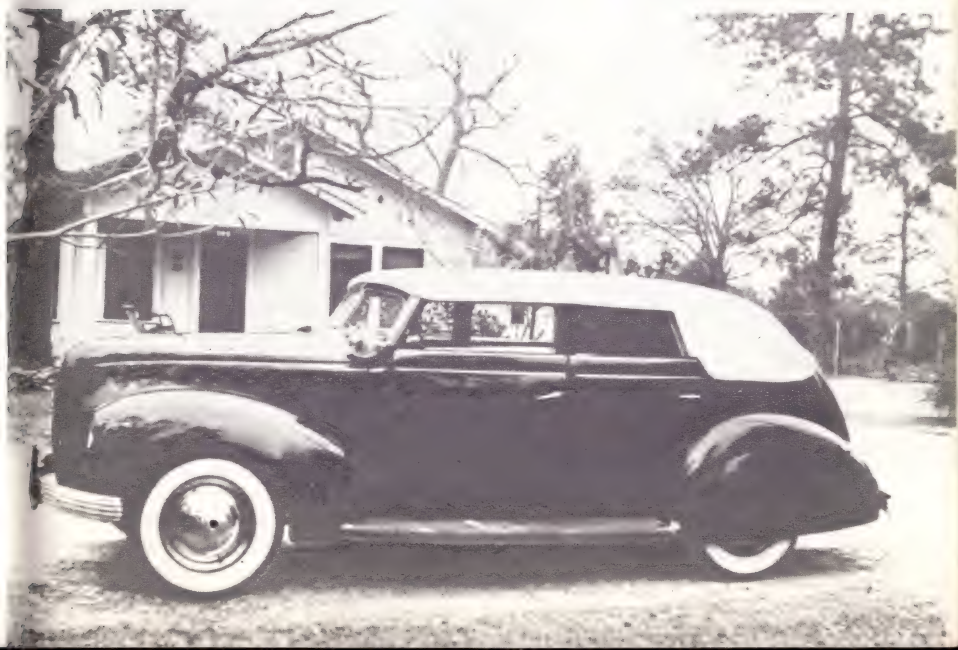
CUSTOM CONVERSIONS

IN OUR MARCH issue we ventured that the long, metal greyhound of a roadster built by Jimmy Chai of Joliet, Illinois, was about as far as you could go in custom craftsmanship. Since, the picture below arrived, indicating that even the sky's not the limit in this roll-your-own hobby. This car was built by M. Avila, Jr., of Tulare, California, and is used to call attention to the Central Cut Rate Drug Store of that city. Avila achieved the bulbous appearance by converting fuel tanks into body and fenders. It has a '50 Mercury chassis and engine, maroon leather upholstery on seat, dash, and inside the top. The top is padded on the outer side. Eight coats of white lacquer finished the job.

The trim convertible (above right) was built by Robert S. Long of Plainfield, New Jersey, who has been designing his own cars since he got out of the Air Force in 1945. (Note mosquito boots by front wheel.) It is basically a '39 Mercury convertible with parts of several other makes attached. The engine is a hopped up Mercury. The top was chopped, all chrome removed, and all joints leaded in. In an unofficial trial at the Denver, Colorado, Speed Club, this convertible was clocked at 115 mph.

At right is shown a '39 Ford convertible sedan worked over by H. H. Buhse of Houston, Texas. The custom top was chopped four inches, and all of the chrome was removed. ■







John Grete, born in 1874, witnessed Silver City's heyday and its decline from a population of over 5000 to about six.

Silver City — Population, Six!

story and photographs by Floyd Bryant

THE PRUDENT TRAVELER who reaches the end of the pavement at Murphy (population 40) may think twice before he ventures deeper into the remoteness of southwestern Idaho. The unimproved road winds up, down and sidewise, through greasewood, sagebrush and bare, granitic rock. Twenty-three rugged miles farther it reaches Silver City—altitude six thousand, population about six.

But the proper enjoyment of ghost towns demands a taste for adventure which is seldom found in the prudent anyway, and Silver City is one that began, flourished and declined in the most authentic ghost town pattern.

In 1863 prospectors in the Boise River basin heard of a fabulously rich mine supposedly discovered by some emigrants who unfortunately mislaid it. Twenty-nine men lit out southward, crossed the Snake River, and found, not the lost diggings, but placer gold on Jordan Creek. Miners stampeded into the area; towns sprang up. Silver City quickly took the lead, snatching the seat of the Owyhee County government from its rival, Ruby City. It soon had a population of 5000.

For ten years it rode its good fortune high, wide and handsome. The ore was an amalgam of gold and silver, some rich enough to justify shipment to Wales for processing. The first big strike came at the "Morning Star," which yielded ore assaying \$3.50 to \$15 an ounce. But the most famous mine was the Poorman Group—so named because the owners were hard put to find capital to operate it, despite its richness. A single body of gold and silver ore weighing five hundred tons was taken from it at a depth of only a hundred feet; specimens of this won a gold medal at the Paris Exposition of 1886.



← *Today Silver City is a cluster of weathered buildings, rich only in history. In the foreground are the ruins of the joss temple.*

It is estimated that over the years about \$40,000,000 worth of minerals came out of the Silver City area. The Golden Chariot Mine alone once made a record shipment of \$14,000,-000 in silver, by Wells Fargo Express.

As early as 1865 Silver City had a newspaper, the *Owyhee Avalanche*, which in 1874 became the first daily in the state, and, still later, the first to have telegraphic news service. But its early editions give the best picture of the vigorous goings-on of the town's lusty population—which was not, however, without a touch of culture:

The Owyhee market seems to remain firm—flour \$30 per hundred and other things in proportion. No coal oil for sale at any of the stores . . .

Mr. John Kelly, the natural vocalist and violinist, and his pupil, the Indian prodigy, will give one of their entertainments at the Magnolia this evening . . .

The Owyhee boys challenge the balance of the territory for a snowshoe match, any distance, for \$1,000 to \$2,000. We understand that parties have been made from the top of Florida Mountain to Ruby in 28 seconds . . .

Florida Mountain is no longer on the map, and Ruby City is so thoroughly a ghost that no one is sure now of its exact location.

Any ghost town is best seen through the eyes of its old-timers, and in Silver City that means John Grete. He was born in 1874, almost in the town's heyday, and in plenty of time to hear his father (who made the family fortune operating the War Eagle Hotel) tell of the days of '65 when a man could make \$50 pounding ore in a common mortar.

The ruined foundations of the joss temple remind John Grete of the time-honored story of the Silver City band which was hired to play at the funeral of an eminent Chinese citizen. When it began the customary dirge the mourners protested and asked for something lively. The waggish musicians then struck up, "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," which was highly satisfactory, and the procession finally reached the Chinese cemetery keeping time to "Down Went McGinty."

The War Eagle has long since tumbled into dust, but John points out its one-time rival, the Idaho Hotel, which still

← *J. W. Hawes, senior citizen and self-styled mayor, stands before the general store where miners once bought flour for \$30 a hundred.*



← *Silver City's only church, St. Andrews, is dramatically situated on a rocky station overlooking the town.*

proffers refreshments in summer. It was the scene of the fatal shooting of one of the feudists in the town's famous "Underground War."

This fracas began when the owners of the Golden Chariot and the Ida Elmore Mines disagreed over the ownership of a forty-foot strip of very rich ground. With unusual self-restraint they agreed that neither would mine it until a court settlement was made. But rumors that one mine was secretly working it precipitated furious activity on both sides. Inevitably, the shafts of the two mines met—about 1,100 feet down—and a pitched battle resulted. Both sides recruited men to fight their private war, until the state militia arrived from Boise to restore order. Eventually the Golden Chariot won in court.

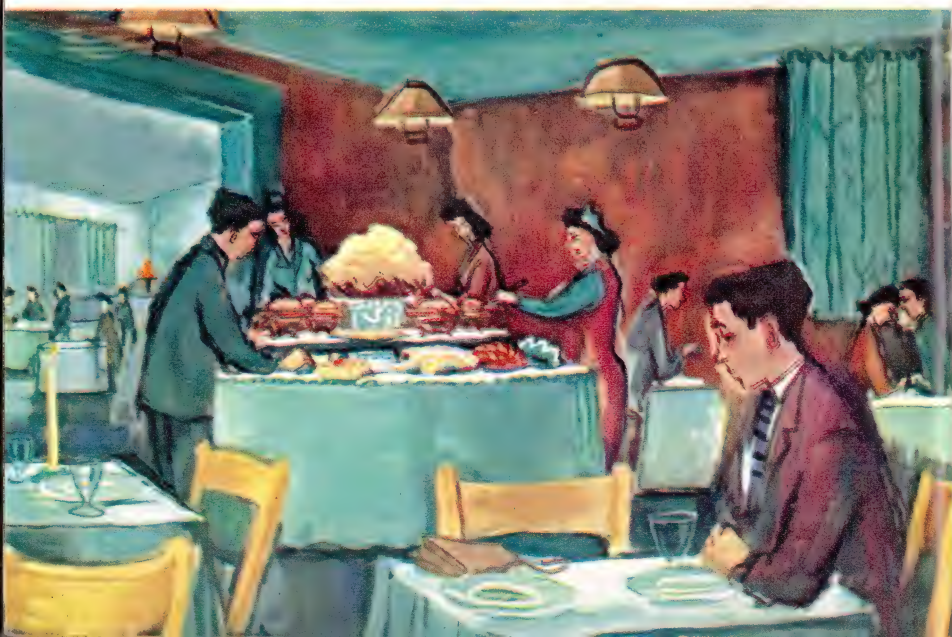
John Grete tells this story with a twinkle in his eye, for he and a boyhood chum later stumbled on an old cannon which the troopers left behind, probably because they were loath to drag it back down the mountains. The challenge was irresistible. One dark night the boys loaded in a heavy charge of black powder, adding plenty of rags and papers. A long fuse enabled them to scatter and assume a proper pose of innocence before the old cannon erupted with a deafening roar that literally shook the town.

The financial panic of 1873 cast a shadow on Silver City, and by 1875 its prosperity was grinding to a halt. Mining continued as late as 1912—in fact, small-scale operation is still carried on—but Silver's inaccessibility required local processing of the ore. Operating costs were high, and profits low.

The final humiliation came in 1935, when the county seat was removed to Murphy, leaving Silver's courthouse, now partially razed, mournfully empty. But Silver City's fortunes will never completely decline as long as there are travelers imprudent enough to venture down a rough road to catch a glimpse of the one-time color and conflict of a mining boom town, so neatly epitomized by a single item from the *Owyhee Avalanche* of 1865:

*Divine Service tomorrow at 10:30
a.m. in the Sheriff's office. Rev. Mr.
Case officiates. Hard cases invited.*

← *Its timbers sagging and its paint all but gone, the Idaho Hotel is still furnished and ready for use—by ghosts, perhaps!*



Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns

The Krebs, New York

Ham with Sherry-Maple Glaze

Place a Swift's Premium Ham fat-side up on a rack in an open pan. Use no water. Bake half hams in slow oven (325°) about 22 minutes per pound. If ham is taken from refrigerator, increase cooking time about five minutes per pound. Drain fat from pan. Skin ham, score and stud with cloves. Pour one cup sherry wine or fruit juice over ham and let stand five minutes; then cover with one cup maple syrup. Brown in hot oven (400°) for about 15 minutes, basting frequently. Strain sauce into service dish. Serve surrounded by hot spiced fruit.

If you're on a diet, The Krebs on U. S. 20 in Skaneateles is no place for you! For this famous restaurant has built a national reputation, not only on the quality of its family style meals, but the quantity. Here the gourmet may have as many helpings as he can hold and still find room for one of their desserts, like shortcake with whipped cream.

← painting of The Krebs by Harvey Kidder

← painting of Tivoli, by Charles W. Moss

The Tivoli, Ohio

Rumbudding with Sauce

- 3 egg yolks
- 6 tablespoons sugar
- 1 tablespoon gelatin, unflavored
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup cold water
- 2 tablespoons rum
- 1 cup whipping cream
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt

Beat eggs and sugar well; add flavoring. Soak gelatin in the water, dissolve over hot water and add to egg mixture. As it thickens, stir in whipped cream. Chill in molds. Fruit Sauce: Bring one cup fruit cocktail juice to a boil. Mix a little water with one and a half teaspoons corn starch and pour into boiling juice; stir constantly. Add juice of one-quarter lemon and a dash of rum and red coloring. Chill and serve with pudding

The Tivoli is named for a famous resort in Denmark, the birthplace of owners, Mr. and Mrs. Arne Nissen. In the spring of 1946 they opened their Smorgasbord restaurant at 4535 Monroe Street in Toledo and featured authentic Scandinavian dishes. The Rumbudding (Rum Pudding), an old Danish recipe, is one of the most popular desserts served here.



Granger's Seafood, Texas

Tartar Sauce

- 1 tablespoon sour pickles
- 1 tablespoon dill pickles
- 1 tablespoon parsley
- 1 tablespoon green olives
- 1 tablespoon chives
- ½ cup mayonnaise

Chop pickles, parsley, olives, and chives into fine pieces. Drain or even wring these ingredients in a clean cloth to prevent mixture from curdling due to excess vinegar. Combine with mayonnaise, preferably homemade with an olive oil base.

Granger's grew from a general store opened in 1908 to a popular restaurant which today serves more than 200,000 annually. The menu is limited to fish and shellfish which are all caught locally. Red snapper, "one of the tastiest fish from the Gulf of Mexico," is a big favorite. Drop in when you're in the vicinity of Sabine Pass.

← painting of Granger's by Alois Fabry, Jr.

← painting of Skippers' Dock by George Shellhase

Skippers' Dock, Connecticut

Syllabub

- 1 angel cake
- 8 ounces heavy cream
- 3 heaping teaspoonfuls sugar
- 3 ounces sherry wine
- Maraschino cherries

Lightly whip heavy cream; add sugar and sherry wine. Mix thoroughly until sugar is dissolved. Spread this sauce generously over each slice of angel cake, covering top and sides completely. Decorate with halved maraschino cherry on top of outside corners. This delicious dessert is one of the Dock's many original dishes.

Perched on the end of a wharf, Skippers' Dock at Noank annually attracts thousands of visitors from all over the country. The setting is picturesque, the food terrific, and paintings of the country's outstanding artists are hung in the gallery. Literally thousands of requests have been made for the syllabub recipe.

GAME SECTION

What Is It?

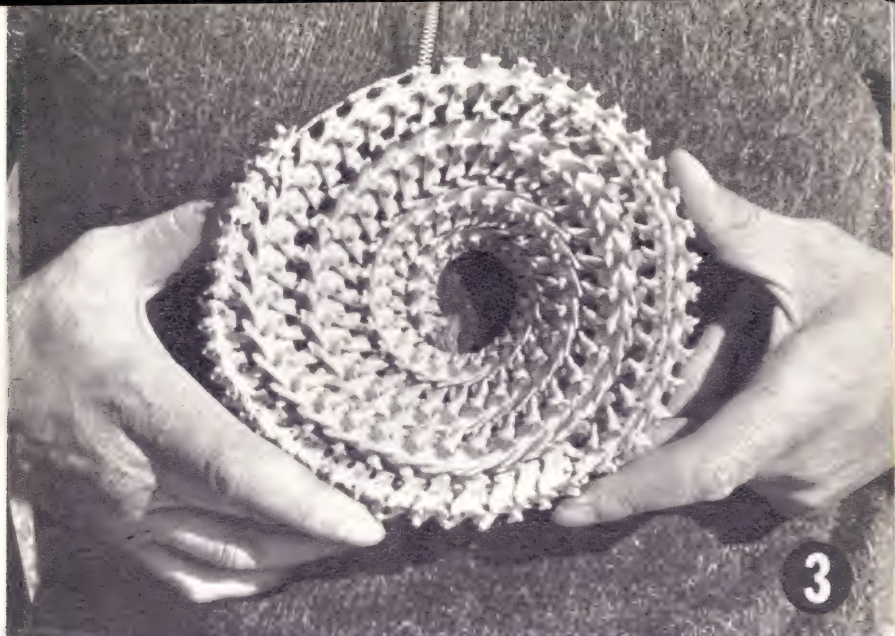
See if you can determine the point of resemblance between the mechanism invented by nature and its man-made counterpart, illustrated in the following photographs. In a few of the pictures you will see only nature's mechanism and you have to spot the secret that man borrowed and called his own. Answers on page 63.

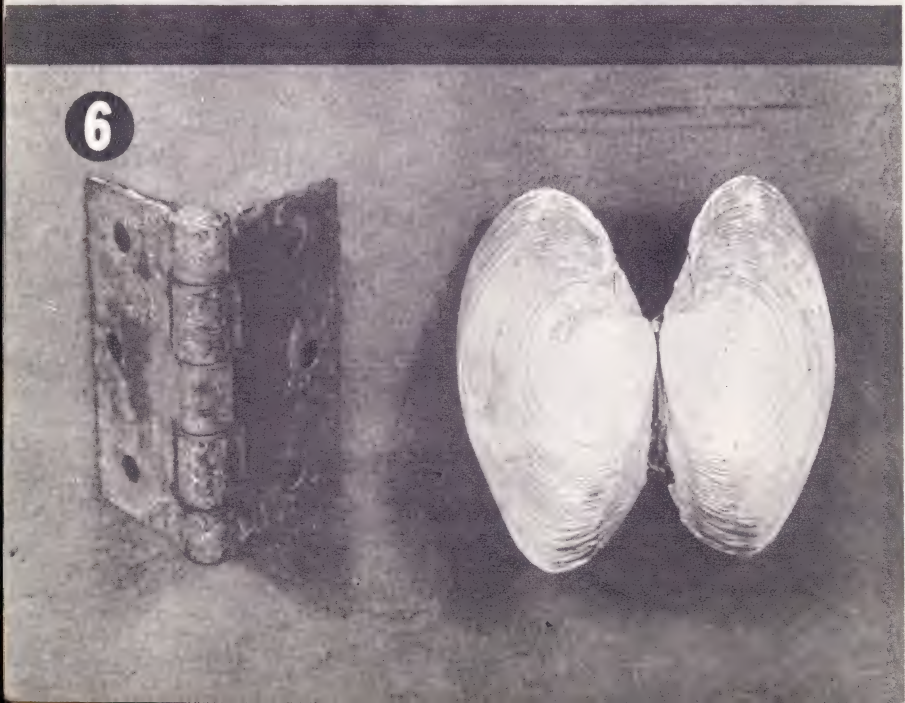
photos by Edwin Way Teale



2







Nature Invented It First!

NO NEED to tell a woman that man is often loath to give credit where credit is due, but the unhappy fact is never more apparent than in the field of invention.

Most of the outstanding strides man has made have been attributed to a burst of genius rather than a bold imitation of Dame Nature. Do you think that the cave man who first decided to use a sharp weapon, after observing the effectiveness of the dinotherium's tusks, attributed the idea to its source? More than likely he burst into his cave that historic day and announced to his fur clad clan that HE had created a great new instrument.

His mate probably remarked that it sounded a lot like a tusk to her—in fact she'd been using one for years—and earned for her sex the reputation of being slightly below the moron in understanding men, science, and mechanics.

Undaunted, man continued to borrow from nature down through the ages. The clam shell was a pattern for the hinge and the amazingly flexible vertebra of the snake preceded the ball and socket joint by many thousand years. The time that man first made an unsteady but successful flight was a day of wild jubilation for everyone except the birds, who must have wondered what all the hollering was about.

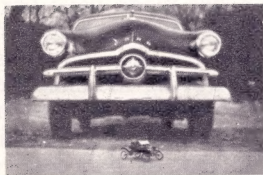
Plant life, too, has done its share to spur the birth of many ingenious gadgets. For instance Venus' Flytrap is nature's perfect model of a steel trap. The leaf is jointed along the middle so that the halves close when an unwary insect comes into contact with the releasing mechanism. The airplane wing and cattail leaf are designed alike to provide great strength with little weight.

ANSWERS

What Is It?

1. The Venus Flytrap, a perfect model of man's steel trap.
2. Cross-section of a cattail leaf is amazingly like an airplane wing.
3. Backbone of a snake coiled illustrates the great flexibility of the ball and socket joint.
4. A pair of pincers and a lobster claw alike even to the teeth.
5. A beaver tooth, left, is the original of the wood chisel, right.
6. The clamshell and hinge operate on the same principle.

Letters



GREAT OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS

Dear Sirs: I built the 1910 model Model T from a knock-down kit, and then it hit me that this tiny thing represented the grandfather of a very remarkable grandchild. So I posed the '49er in the background. I think it is a fine example of 39 years of progress.

IRA E. JEFFRIES, JR.
Lewisburg, West Virginia

COMPLAINT WINDOW

Dear Sirs: I have just finished reading your March issue and I wish to enter a gripe. Your pictures and stories and descriptions of places around the U.S. have made me so restless that I doubt I'll do much work for the rest of the day. One more issue like the last one and I'll probably hop into my own Ford and take off.

JACK P. HANKINS
Wadesboro, North Carolina

(Editor's note: We offer Mr. Hankins our deepest sympathy. This is not the first time we have had to deal with this kind of complaint, and, on top of having to soothe public feelings, we get the same feeling ourselves in preparing the magazine.)

WELL-NAMED FAMILY

Dear Sirs: Last December we bought a 1950 Ford which turned out to be a Christmas present to all of us. When we attached our names to the card we found out that we are a Ford family. The card was signed:

Frances
Otto
Robert
Diane

MR. AND MRS. F. O. SLOPER
Washington, D. C.

SKIS vs. SNOWSHOES

(In the January issue of the FORD TIMES Richard Neuberger stated his case for snowshoes and in the succeeding issue Frank Elkins answered with a story called "Skis For Me." Here are two examples from the wide public reaction to the argument.)

Dear Sirs: Richard Neuberger should hide his head in a snowbank. Can you imagine Richard E. Byrd landing his plane at or near the South Pole on snowshoes?

F. C. ERICKSON
Hallowell, Minnesota

Dear Sirs: Mr. Neuberger's duel with Mr. Elkins forces me to make comment. Comparing skis with snowshoes is like comparing Fords with packhorses. Myself, I go for speed, action and performance, so I'll take skis and Fords and let Mr. Neuberger hobble along any way he likes.

E. FREDERICKSON
Blue Island, Illinois



photograph by Frank Meitz

Winning Ford Six

THIS is the '49 Ford Six that won first place in its class in the recent Mobilgas Grand Canyon Economy Run. The course was 751.3 miles of every conceivable type of terrain and weather condition. Regulations called for an average speed of 40.6 mph for the entire run. Since cars of different weights and power were entered, a common denominator had to be arrived at for equitable scoring. This was accomplished by having, in addition to the straight miles-per-gallon tabulation, a ton-mile per-gallon computation. This was figured by multiplying the weight of the car and passengers in tons by 751.3 (the length of the course which all cars traveled) and dividing the result by the number of gallons of gas consumed. On this basis, the Ford won its class with a t-mpg of 48.58, and was also first with a mpg of 23.33. See notes on how to save gas, page 17. ■

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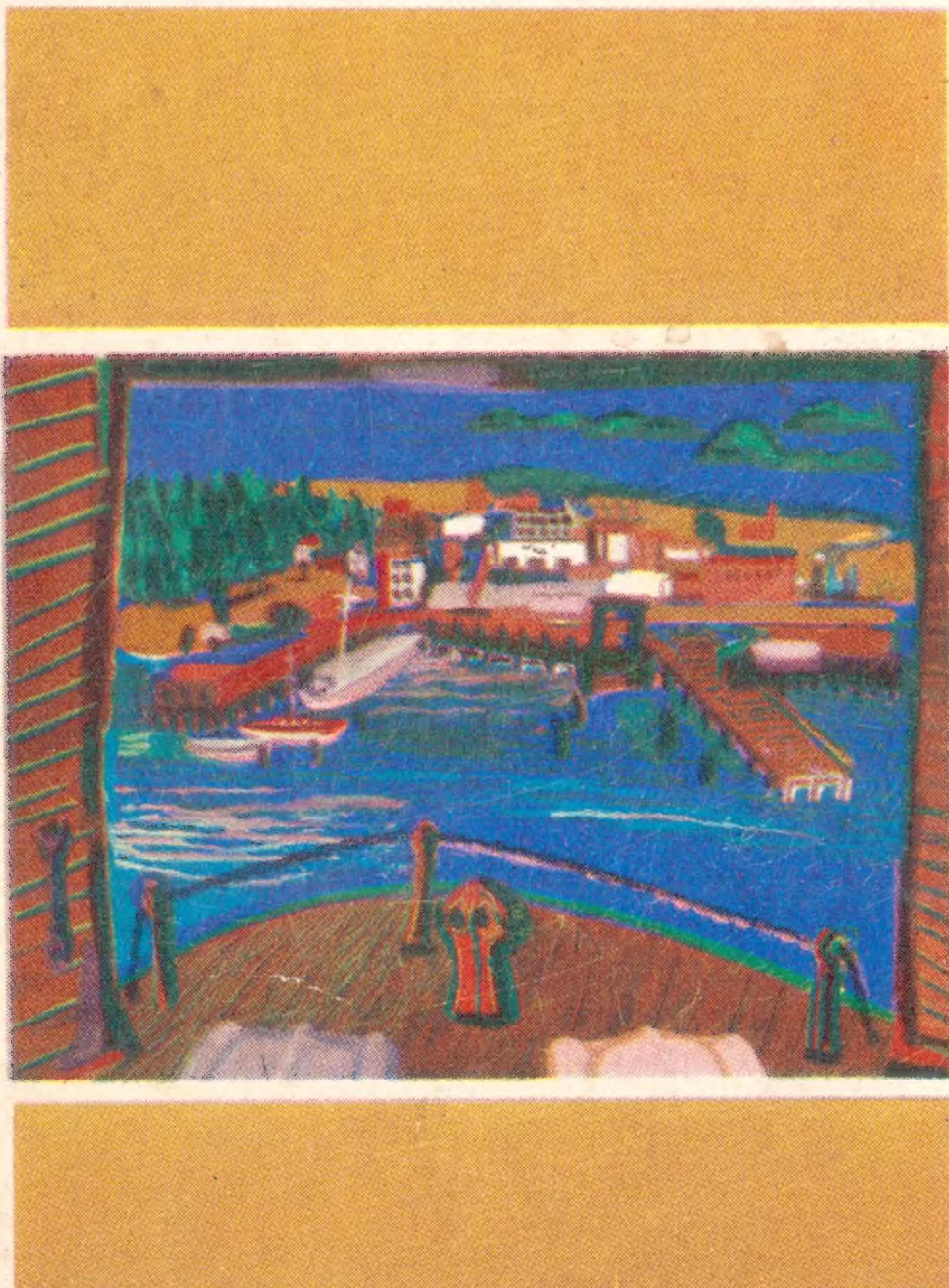
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Front cover—A ferry boat entering Friday Harbor on Sinclair Island in Puget Sound. The watercolor is by Katherine Westphal, whose paintings illustrate "Island Treasure: Contentment" by Rafe Gibbs (story page 12).

The FORD TIMES comes to you through the courtesy of your local dealer to add to your motoring pleasure and information.